

ADIDAS

I, who ought to know better,
bought cheap imitations. From
Hong Kong or Taiwan or some
other infernal Eastern country.

They looked the same as the real
thing. White, with 3 blue diagonal
strips on the sides. But after only
two or three weeks the plastic
split and the things began
disintegrating right on my feet.

Sheepishly, I returned them.
Admitted to the blonde bored
salesman that I had been a fool.
Shelled out \$24 for the genuine article.

Supple! Pliant! Of soft white leather
flawless as a calf's underbelly. In
gold, stamped on the sides: ADIDAS/
ROM.

Now I am fleet-footed, as befits
a young poet. Ready to run with the Muse.

THE FASTEST BICYCLE IN THE WORLD

The fastest bicycle in the world was built in Australia
by an eleven year old boy. Experimental parts were
hung on an old J.C. Higgins frame and the whole thing
given a quick black paintjob. Speed decals aided the
effort. A dangerous take-off ramp was constructed among
bemused dingos. Present whereabouts of boy and machine
are unknown. They say he rode into history.

LIFE IMITATES A NOVEL

This particular Sunday afternoon,
for my own personal amusement it seems,
Life imitates a novel.

Let's hope it's a good one. Of the French or
English schools. Full of bad weather and wide open
landscape. Emotional arrows from the quiver
of a displaced Russian.

As I've told you time and time again
the rain arrives (from heaven?) in melancholic sheets
bundling you up in old gray army blankets of downpour.
One sad day blends, puddles into the others
forming whole winters of wet impression
to sog and bog down the mind.

Go then for a long, pointless drive. Roadside junk,
bare old houses needing paint. Hound dogs
slinking off in the rain. The half green half gray trees
insulted by Spring's quick disappearance
make sad comment in remote countries.

Back to town, butt numb, for groceries. Purple
squids of clouds spilling their torpid ink in the sky
above a parking lot of rain dropped automobiles.

And for a false Spring, benign flamingos
from Fred Meyers' gardening department
standing on one rigid steel leg, the other tucked up
under, among 98¢ tubs of moss, eternally drowsy,
puffed pink might grace your garden.

THIS LADY

This lady is rich
and also reads poetry
quite a find!

Beautiful too, and hot stuff
in nice clothes.

She gives me a lift
after the reading
to her father's mansion

and lets me drive
my choice of
27 pristine classic cars.

A good way
to begin a friendship.